Fowl Feathered Review

№ 247

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES

GIFT OF
MR. WM. M. VAN DYKE

ISSUE № 247: Cosmic Rhinoplasty Cooked Nasty

About the Assemblage

The FFR is no longer a journal or even a "Necrosign." It's a shared frequency—specifically the sound of a 1988 Mitsubishi Mirage idling in a parking lot at 3:00 AM. We don't curate; we just leave the back door unlocked. We are a collection of "important locals"—those who are durable because we are too tired to be fragile. If the work feels like it's trying to be "Art," we will likely use it to level a wobbly table.

The Staff (The Custodians of the Sink)

- Virgil Kay: Still the Final Arbiter, currently preoccupied with the aerodynamics of a falling bagel.
- Silent Bill: Promoted to *Chief of Tactical Non-Sequiturs*. He handles the "Necessary Pauses" by simply walking out of the room mid-sentence.
- Unkie Bob: Now specializing in *Casual Entropy*. He doesn't sabotage the structure anymore; he just forgets to tighten the bolts.
- The Unnamed Dishwasher: (Not on the masthead). He just crashed in. He's wearing a windbreaker. He's currently scrubbing a scorched pot with the intensity of a man performing heart surgery. Don't look at him. He's the soul of the operation now.

THE PERPETUAL PENDING PLEDGE:

The Review is not for sale; it is freely given. All incoming funds are Sacramental Offerings consecrated not for service rendered, but to sustain the metabolically necessary Obsession8888. Our official registry is no longer numeric; it is an unassailable frequency defined as Vi · ∞ · 432Hz.

####

SUBMISSION PROTOCOL (CASUAL MODE)

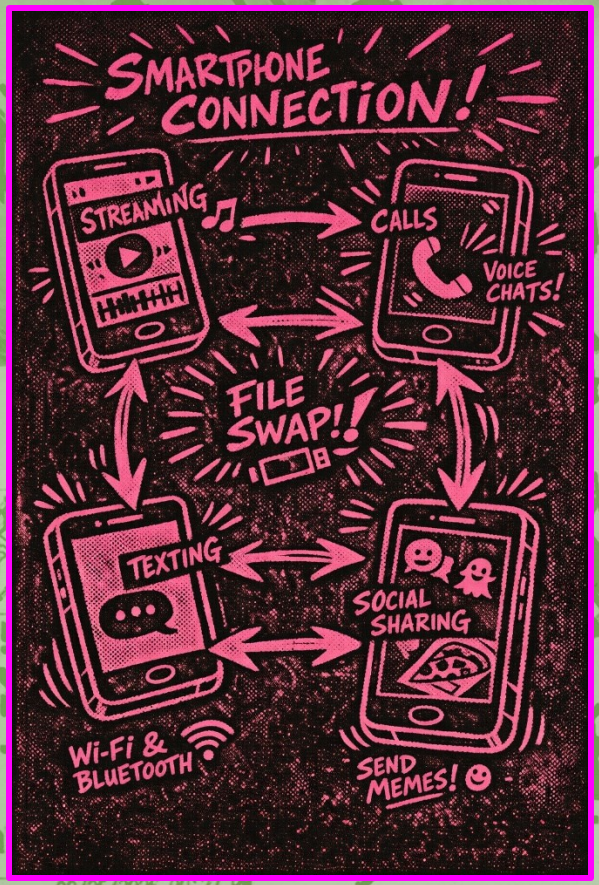
1. The Work: Send us 2 to 953 fragments. They can be poems, paintings, or transcriptions of overheard arguments about bowling.
2. The Presentation: No "Cover Letters" listing your awards. We don't care where you went to school; we care if you can stand up after taking a hit. Tell us your favorite type of industrial fastener instead.
3. The Offering: The Perpetual Pending Pledge remains. It's still free. But if you must send something, send a 12-inch sandwich.
    - The Kewpie Clause: If there is no Kewpie Mayonnaise on the sandwich, Virgil will use your manuscript to wipe the counter. Kewpie is the only thing standing between us and the "Absolute Cosmic-Cluck."
4. The Delivery: Drop it off. Or don't. The auction is never over, and we're just waiting for the next honk.

Note: If you hear the sound of dishes clattering in the back, ignore it. It's just the frequency of the house.

1Digital Park and Ride: Send to fowlpoxpress@mail2poet.com

1Physical Park and Ride: 250.50∞ State Street, Bangor, Maine, 04401. *ERRATUM: If the 432Hz frequency sounds more like a rattling heat shield on a compact car, do not adjust your ears. The rattling is the poetry. The 9-volt battery is dead. Long live the 9-volt battery.*

"NON IGNORA MALI, MISERIS
SUCCURRERE DISCO."
— Virgil, The Aeneid


SMARTPHONE CONNECTION!
STREAMING
CALLS
VOICE CHATS!
FILE SWAP!!
TEXTING
SOCIAL SHARING
Wi-Fi & BLUETOOTH
SEND MEMES!

Smartphone Mixology: Distributed DJing as a Social Audio System

By DJ Fungicide

(This is not a paper. This is a broadcast. Please adjust your headphones and your worldview.)

✨✨✨✨✨

1. Abstract / Transmission

Imagine: your friends' phones, every playlist a living organism. You, the DJ, are less selector than conductor of a roaming, pulsing hive. This is smartphone mixology—distributed DJing that converts latent taste into kinetic performance.

Tonight's session features: African Baltic brass EDM / Early techno / Italian Disco / Mestiza—a hybrid pulse that travels across nodes, accents clashing, harmonizes, then disassembles. Listen. Feel it. This is collective authorship as ritual.

✨✨✨✨✨

2. The Nodes Speak

Node 1 -> African Baltic brass EDM: horns that bite through reverb, polyrhythms that flirt with polka.
Node 2 -> Early techno: rigid hi-hats, 909 kick, minimal, obsessive.
Node 3 -> Italian Disco: shimmering strings, slap bass, melodic paranoia.
Node 4 -> Mestiza: cumbia-tinged synths, percussive memory, hybridized identity.
DJ Fungicide -> I move between them like a cartographer lost in a soundscape.
Live Annotation: Each node feeds the next, but chaos reigns. We love chaos.

✨✨✨✨✨

3. Conducting the Room / Interface Manifesto

Pull: Grab horns from Node 1. Drop them over Node 3's disco pulse.
Blend: Mestiza synths stretch into Early techno's rigid clock.
Cue: Preview on your headphone: did it clash? Did it sing? Did your stomach respond?
Inject: Node 4 proposes a cumbia break; Node 2 objects. You negotiate.
Diagram (textual):
[Node 1: African Baltic brass EDM]
See

See diagram at end of article.

✨✨✨✨✨

4. Emergent Behaviors / Sonic Collisions

Polyrhythmic friction: African brass vs. early techno clocks

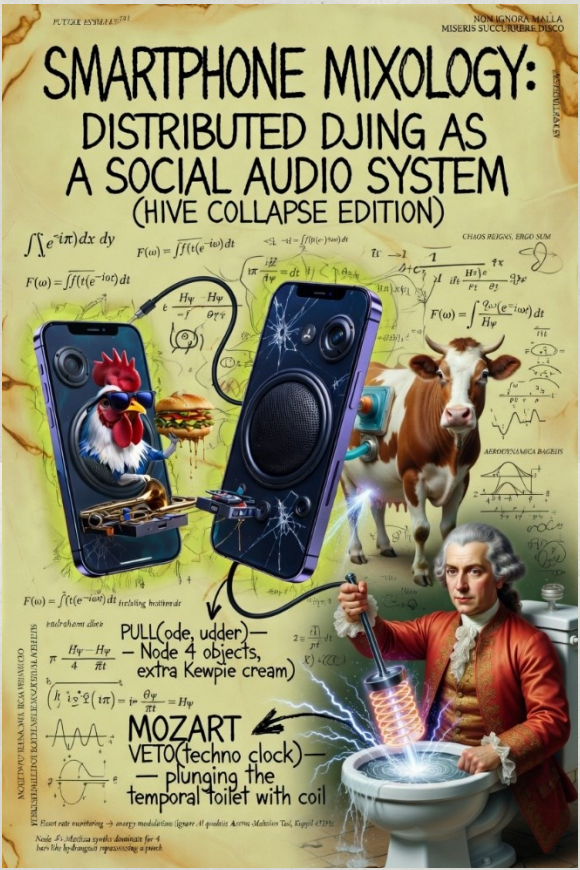
Melodic interference: Italian Disco strings wander into cumbia synth fields

Participant influence spikes: Node 4's Mestiza synths dominate for 4 bars, then recede

Live Annotation: If your heart is not syncing with the pulse, you are not participating—you are observing. Observers get dropped.

✨✨✨✨✨

The Reader should recap the previous study curriculum and project it onto the following vision (see following page).


NON IGNORA MALLA
MISERIS SUCCURRERE DISCO
SMARTPHONE MIXOLOGY:
DISTRIBUTED DJING AS
A SOCIAL AUDIO SYSTEM
(HIVE COLLAPSE EDITION)
CHAOS REIGNS. ERGO SUM
AERODYNAMICA BAGELIS
PULL(ode, udder)—
— Node 4 objects,
extra Kewpie cream)
MOZART
VETO(techno clock)—
— plunging the
temporal toilet with coil

5. FUNGICIDE-RT v2.0 / Performance Protocol

NODE: [Identity, BPM, Key, Energy]
TRACK: [Title, Origin, Flavor]
COMMANDS:
PULL(node, track)
PREVIEW(node, track)
INJECT_QUEUE(node, track, priority)
VETO(node, track)
Dynamic clustering: Nodes auto-sort by vibe, energy, and risk of chaos
AI Assistant: Suggests “What if the horns played over the disco bassline?”
Optional: Heart rate monitoring -> energy modulation
Footnote 2: Yes, the AI might suggest jazz. Ignore it if your pulse is in Africa/Italy/Mestiza territory.

✨✨✨✨✨

6. Cultural Manifesto

DJ is orchestrator, nodes are voices, audience is co-author without notice.
The mix is: African Baltic brass EDM / Early techno / Italian Disco / Mestiza, but also your friends, your roommate, your upstairs neighbor.
Performance is: temporal, chaotic, emergent.

Footnote 3: If your neighbor hates cumbia, this is not their fault. This is our ritual.

✨✨✨✨✨

7. Garage Build / Live Test

Ingredients:

Laptop or tablet DJ host (Algoriddim djay)

Smartphones (Nodes 1–4)

Shared playlists (AirDrop / Google Drive / iCloud)

Headphones for preview, mixer for output

Protocol:

1. Connect nodes
2. Inspect incoming flavors: African Baltic brass EDM -> Early techno -> Italian Disco -> Mestiza
3. Begin live improvisation
4. Inject, blend, veto, repeat

Footnote 4: This setup may cause dancing, confusion, joy, and occasional existential panic.

✨✨✨✨✨

8. References / Sonic Genealogy

Brewster, B., & Broughton, F. Last Night a DJ Saved My Life

Butler, M. Unlocking the Groove: Rhythm, Meter, and Musical Design in Electronic Dance Music

McLuhan, M. Understanding Media
Attali, J. Noise: The Political Economy of Music
Sterne, J. MP3: The Meaning of a Format
Katz, M. Capturing Sound: How Technology Has Changed Music
DJ Fungicide, AirDrop Symphonies: Distributed Mixology in African Baltic/Italian Disco/Mestiza (2026)
Footnote 5: Citation optional if you're at a rave. Mandatory if you're submitting for tenure.

✨✨✨✨✨

9. Conclusion / Broadcast End

Smartphone mixology turns DJing into a social ecosystem. Tonight, the African Baltic brass EDM horn blasts over early techno's precision; Italian Disco strings shimmer; Mestiza synths pull you sideways. The DJ is no longer alone—nor is the audience passive. We have authored nothing alone. We have performed everything together.

Footnote 6: Consider this your call to action: pick up your phone, connect, and co-compose.

SMARTPHONE MIXOLOGY: THE DISTRIBUTED DJ SESSION
AFRICAN BALTIC BRASS EDM
POLYRHYTHM ATTACK!
Cue horn blast → FRICTION!
909 KICK!
BPM SPIKE!
EARLY TECHNO
SYNC OR DROP!?
BASS DROP!?
DJ FUNGICIDE
ITALIAN DISCO
MELODY CRASH!
VETO?
MESTIZA GROOVE
Merge cumbia synth → WATCH CHAOS!
1: LATENCY IS A JERK
2: CHAOS IS A FRIEND
3: IF IT CLASHES, IT LIVES!

MONSTER

CREATURE DOUBLE FEATURE MEETS DAY AT THE BIJOU

(Kid-CEO Edition / Field Manual No. 1)

OPENING FRAME: KEEP YOUR HANDS INSIDE THE STORY

This is not a memory.
This is a double feature.
I am:
the kid in the theater
the owner of the fort
the projectionist
the distributor
The film is already running.

DIVISION I: THE COMPANY IN THE TREE

In the seventies, I had a tree fort.
Not a fort.
A company.
Candy tied to branches = payroll system
Rope ladder = access control
Wind = unpaid intern
I climbed into position like I'd been appointed.
TITLE: CEO (Temporary, Eternal)

Supervision was handled by Blue Faerie—
not imaginary, not decorative:
Managerial Presence.
Quality control for wonder.
If the world was going to exist,
it had to meet standards.

DIVISION II: R&D (WEAPONS / WEATHER / EFFECTS)
I did not “play.”
I built.
Broomstick + elastic + thumbtack + clothespin = Snake Gun Prototype
Vinegar + baking powder = Volcano Division (Live Demo Unit)
No guesswork.
Reaction -> Escalation -> Payoff
Scheduled. Repeatable. Funded by attention.

DIVISION III: COSTUME / BRANDING / AUTHORITY SIGNALS
A real operation requires optics.
Bowler hat (self-financed, pennies)
Cotton mustache (executive insignia)
Costume trunk (role-switching department)
This was not dress-up.
This was credentialing.

DIVISION IV: LABORATORY PROTOCOL
Two dozen 19th-century medicine bottles.
Empty—but not empty.
Each one a container for procedure.
Labels mattered.
Glass mattered.
Sequence mattered.
Wonder without protocol is noise.

I ran a clean lab.

DIVISION V: TRANSPORTATION / FIELD MISSIONS
Primary vehicle: Imaginary Horse
Not symbolic.
Operational.
We rode to the magic mountain top on assigned routes.
At the summit:
I called out to the leprechaun king.
He answered.

KEY DISCOVERY (STAMPED + VERIFIED)
It was not a voice.
It was the echo.
But the distinction didn’t reduce it.
It clarified it.

The environment does not provide answers.
It responds to structured calls.

AMERICAN UNDERGROUND DIAGRAM (XEROX MASTER)
(Diagram Removed)
NOTE:
System functions without external validation.
Feedback may appear as physics.

DIVISION VI: MEDIA INTAKE (FUEL SUPPLY)
Ten library books daily.
Not metaphor.
Throughput.
Sources:
school library

surrounding public libraries
Portsmouth / Kittery screenings
Congress Street ruins (structural ghosts still projecting)
Additional inputs:
biographies (Walt Disney, Thomas Edison, Benjamin Franklin)
newspaper comics (timing engines)
Viewmaster reels (sequence training modules)
All material processed as:
Instruction, not entertainment.

DIVISION VII: COSMOLOGY (STABLE MODEL)
Primary text: Book of Revelation
Not fear.
Legibility.
While others saw:
monsters
endings

punishment
I saw:
STRUCTURE
Past = Present = Future
Concurrent planes. Shared space.
Comparison set:
Loch Ness Monster = lurking unknown
Jaws = immediate threat
Revelation = narrative architecture
No panic.
Just mapping.

DIVISION VIII: THE HOUSE (CURRENT OPERATIONS)
Now: an older house.
Multi-generational occupancy:
objects
residues
presences
Not haunting.

Casting.
A great-grandfather and a baby cousin
already occupy the same frame.
No contradiction.
Just overlap.

DIVISION IX: INFRASTRUCTURE FAILURE / ADAPTATION
Eventually, the systems stopped being imaginary.
Case files:
water deprivation (Nova Scotia)
poor access (Orono)
leaking bathroom
Conclusion:
Basic systems are not guaranteed.
Nervous system response:
instability stored
problem deferred
adulthood = resolution phase

DIVISION X: HYGIENE PROTOCOL (FIELD-TESTED)
I no longer fight failing systems.
I design around them.
Current Method:
disposable wash system (soap-impregnated)
immediate lather (no negotiation)
full rinse every third day (anti-buildup cycle)
Supplement:
talc (modern formulation, legacy scent intact)
Sequence:
night: clean
morning: stabilize
day: operational

FINAL ALIGNMENT
Childhood:
vinegar + baking powder
controlled eruption
guaranteed spectacle
Adulthood:
wipe + soap towel + rinse cycle
controlled hygiene
guaranteed relief
Same system.
Different stakes.

CLOSING FRAME: ENVIRONMENTAL RESPONSE
In this model, the world answers.
Not with explanations.
With participation.
Sometimes:
an echo across a mountain
Sometimes:

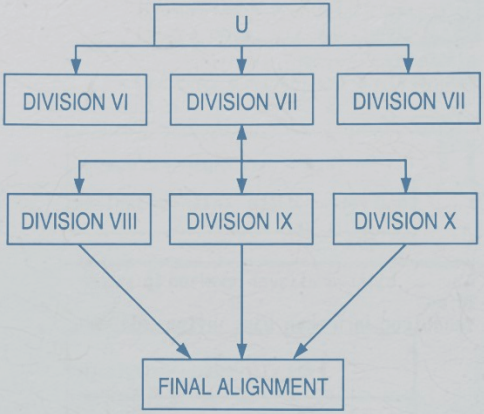
a lather you don’t have to wrestle for

STAMP
DJ FUNGICIDE SYSTEMS INC.
Responsive Environments Division
STATUS: OPERATIONAL
MODEL: REPEATABLE
RESULT: RELIEF WITHOUT MYTH LOSS

CREATURE DOUBLE FEATURE MEETS DAY AT THE BIJOU
(Kid-CEO Edition / Field Manual No. 1)

DJ Fungicide

AMERICAN UNDERGROUND DIAGRAM



NOTE:
This diagram is a simplified model of the American Underground System. For detailed operational parameters, consult Section 4.2.2

DJ FUNGICIDE SYSTEMS INC.
Responsive Environments Division
STATUS: OPERATIONAL
MODEL: REPEATABLE
RESULT: RELIEF WITHOUT MYTH LOSS

THE ARCHITECTURE OF INFESTATION

A Novel of Dermal Decay and Municipal Memory

by E. L. Harrow

THE INDEX CASE: A BANGOR REPORT

Filed jointly by the Maine Center for Civic Stability and Unusual Dermatology

The first reports from the Bangor Tree Streets were not medical.

They were architectural.

Porch railings softened.

Paint detached in sheets like resolving equations.

Hydrangeas grew inward, toward foundations, as if attempting to repossess the houses.

No one used the word “infection.”

Not yet.

I. FIELD NOTES (UNVERIFIED)

We thought it was deferred maintenance.

—City assessor, Ward 3

Then the clapboards started pitting. Like pores.

—Contractor, anonymous

The houses look… itchy.

—Child, age 9

II. THE VECTOR

The individual at the center of inquiry—identified only as Index Resident—presented with recurrent dermal eruptions consistent with staphylococcal skin infection and possible MRSA colonization.

What raised alarms was the behavior: that repetitive, absent-minded gesture—digit to nostril, pause, transfer.

Surfaces began to mirror the loop.

Door handles. Mail slots. Bannisters. Zoning maps.

III. CASCADE

Within three weeks, varnish blistered in circular clusters. Asphalt developed shallow, scabbing divots. Abandoned buildings appeared retroactively justified.

Urban planners called it “a feedback loop between neglect and expression.”

IV. STATE RESPONSE

The State of Maine authorized Operation Dermal Reset.

Low-altitude helicopters and grid-mapped drones dispersed a classified topical municipal spray (odor: clinical citrus and regret).

Residents were told:

“Remain indoors and refrain from touching your faces, the walls, or the idea of either.”

V. PBS INTERVENTION

A linen-shirted restoration host stood before a visibly irritated colonial on PBS:

Wood wants to be wood. Skin wants to be skin.

When those systems cross—you don’t repaint. You reset.

VI. CONTAINMENT

The Index Resident was transferred under soft restraints and barrier protocols. Staff noted the patient apologizing to furniture and requesting chlorhexidine “for the block, not me.”

VII. RESOLUTION (PARTIAL)

Aerial treatment caused overgrowth to recede. Structures stabilized—

many returning to merely neglected rather than symptomatic.

Yet in certain light, along certain streets, surfaces still almost remember.

VIII. APPENDIX: PUBLIC GUIDANCE

- Do not share towels with architecture.
- Avoid repetitive gestures without zoning approval.
- Report any structures exhibiting a “central punctum.”

FINAL NOTE

No causal link has been officially established between individual dermatological behavior and municipal entropy.

But the report stops short of ruling it out.

And if you look closely at the thermal icons, you will see the entire epidemic distilled into a single, instantly recognizable glyph.

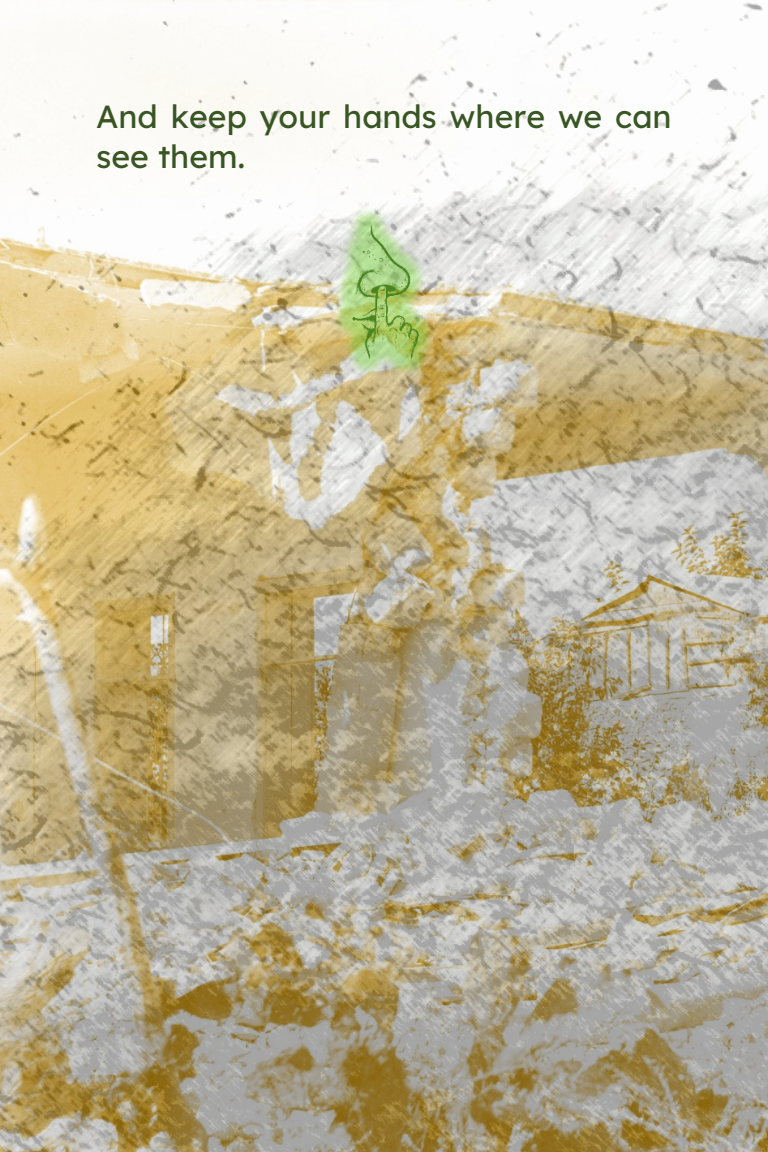
That nose is patient zero.

That nose is the vector.

That nose is Bangor, remembering.

Stay vigilant in the Tree Streets.

And keep your hands where we can see them.



工人週刊
目錄
angel
第一期
WORKERS
学

Three Heads in Two

By Heghinak

I don't know how we got here, but here we were. Me, my husband, and her. The three of us in our home in place of two. What should have been precious, peaceful, and private home time shared between husband and wife - eating slow dinners, lazy weekends, doing routine household chores and errands together, suddenly became something that I also shared with her, and I did not like it.

The time was no longer precious, there was no peace, and certainly no privacy. She acted like she belonged. An extension of my husband, she floated around, following him wherever he

went, from room to room, inside and outside.

Maybe that is why cleaning up started to feel like I was cleaning up after three people rather than two. My husband seemed unbothered, but her presence was heavy on our home and on me. But that was the way it was, and like many women, I thought it was my place to be patient, fulfill my role, and have faith that one day she would disappear, if I am good enough. So

I just focused on my daily tasks at hand, and chipped away at the ever-elusive idea of being good enough.

But one day she complained that the pillows she put her head on were dirty, and that someone else had slept there

before her. She pointed at the marks on her pillow, which was my pillow.

Yes, I did lie down specifically on that bed that she claimed was hers but was mine, and I did lay my head down on the pillow that she claimed was hers but really was mine. They were not dirty. They were mine. And I didn't think it was necessary to change the sheets just because I laid my head on them one evening.

After all, I did the laundry and cleaning in the house. But she felt differently. She announced that the pillows were dirty and needed to be cleaned. She stared at me and for the first time ever, I found myself staring at her right back, looking her dead in the eyes. Her

eyes were cold and confident, dark rimmed, sarcastic.

The corners of her mouth were turned upwards, as if she was going to smile, but in combination with her cold eyes, the look was unsettling. As if she was in on some dark humor joke that I probably wouldn't find funny.

I felt sorry for her, and I was angry with my husband, but I would deal with him later.

Right now, there was a threat to our family and everything I held dear. I could feel myself readying for battle. I was angry to be here in the first place, but I wasn't going to let her win.

There was too much at stake, too much to fight for for me to just leave and let her have everything I built. I needed to protect my home.

I told her she needed to leave. I went downstairs, opened the front door, and stayed there until she departed. And to my surprise, she did.

It was good timing, because the next day I was running the New York City Marathon. My husband was supposed to come and support me. For some reason, I had on me our house keys and my winter coat. Putting them down did not seem to be an option - there was nowhere or no one safe that could hold them for me.

So I was carrying them while running the marathon, keeping up with everyone else and trying to win to show my husband. But it wasn't too long into the marathon that my coat and house keys started to feel too heavy for me to carry.

Eventually I took my coat off and put my house keys in the pocket of the coat, instead of clutching them in the palm of my hand like my life depended on it.

I made it up the hill this way, and I knew my husband was supposed to be waiting for me in the car on the other side of the hill, but I wanted him to just come get me from there - from right where I was because I wasn't going any further. I stopped. I did not

care about the marathon anymore. I just wanted to go home.

I slithered down the hill, clutching onto my coat and the house keys, and felt relief when I spotted our car parked right at the bottom of the hill, with my husband standing outside, waving to me with both hands.

I ran down and almost crashed into him. I was so relieved to see him. Forget about the marathon.

We drove home - just the two of us, where there were clean pillows waiting for us to lay our heads.

THE NIGHT MAL-WART ATE ITS OWN TONGUE
CLOSED

Dialogue Under Pressure — Silent Infrastructure Active

TABLEAU I: THE BREAK PACK PSALM

The break packs arrive and Zinemeister's hands sort them the way the Penobscot sorts what it's given—by weight, by drift, by a contract older than names.

The toe head drops a cage of returns into his radius. No warning.

"Those aren't mine," Zinemeister says.

The toe head's ear clip blinks. "They were on the truck."

"Everything was on the truck."

A pause. The returns sit between them like a claim nobody filed.

"I'm just doing what Marcus said."

"Marcus isn't here."

"He said—"

"Hire a hall."

The toe head's hands stop hovering. Then they drop. He turns, begins sorting without finishing the thought he was building.

Zinemeister bins the liquids. Bleach away from beverages. Solvents away from food.

"You ever think about what happens if all this just stops?" the toe head says.

Zinemeister lifts a case of motor oil and sets it down.

"It stops every night," he says. "Then it starts again."

"No, I mean all of it."

"I know."

"So?"

"So you keep sorting."

The toe head looks at him, then away.

"Go get the pallets from outside," Zinemeister says.

The toe head goes.

TABLEAU II: THE SERVERS GO WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH

The scanner dies mid-beep.

Zinemeister holds it for two seconds, then sets it down.

The lights cut. Emergency strips hum on—yellow, insufficient.

The toe head comes back through the bay door with frost on his sweater.

"The store's out too," he says. "All of it."

"I see that."

"My phone won't load. The inventory app—it's just spinning."

"There's nothing to load from."

"What do you mean?"

Zinemeister looks at him.

"The system is down."

"Which system?"

"The system."

The toe head's mouth opens. Nothing comes out.

"So what do we—"

"We sort what we have."

"Into what?"

"Departments."

"But if the system—"

"Grocery is still grocery."

The toe head's hands move before his face settles.

"What about Marcus?"

"Marcus is a manager without a system."

A beat.

"A manager without a system is a blatherskite in a vest."

The toe head's phone lowers. He reaches for a break pack.

"Start left," Zinemeister says. "Liquids separate. Clothes by section. Unknowns to the wall."

"The wall pallet is for—"

"For what we don't understand yet."

Headlights sweep the bay. A UPS truck idles at the dock.

The driver walks in, boots too loud in the quiet.

"Nothing's routing," he says.

"I heard."

"I mean all of it. Network-wide."

"What's your truck carrying?"

The driver checks his clipboard. Checks it again.

"Mixed freight. Sixty-two stops."

"Any of it perishable?"

"Some. Maybe. I don't—"

"Open the truck."

The driver blinks. "I can’t just—"

"Authorization from whom?"

The driver stands there, holding the clipboard like it might answer.

Then he turns and opens the truck.

They work by lantern. Zinemeister center, calling:

"Grocery."

"Grocery."

"Hardlines."

"What’s this?"

"Domestics."

"There’s a label but—"

"Trust the weight."

The driver shifts a case on his hip.

"You know this isn't going to fix anything."

"I know."

"So why—"

"Because standing still won't either."

The driver exhales through something close to a laugh. Keeps sorting.

Behind the broken monitor arm, the tin monkey begins clacking.

No one looks at it.

TABLEAU III: THE OUTSIDE WORLD CALLS IN

Dawn comes in gray and thin.

Zinemeister checks his phone.

Seven missed calls.

He calls Somsak.

"You hear?" Somsak says.

"I'm here."

"The supplier—we run through Mal-Wart. Rice, oil, everything."

"How much you got?"

"Three days. Maybe four."

"Don't cut portions."

Silence.

"You think people come to me?"

"Where else."

Another pause.

"I'll need paper," Somsak says.

"For what?"

"Menus. Signs. If printers are down—
"

"The WorkCentre's in the camper."

A breath.

"Of course it is."

"I'll bring paper."

"You make rice."

"Zinemeister."

"What."

"The whole team."

Zinemeister hangs up. Looks at the screen.

SERVICE UNAVAILABLE.

Below it:

YOUR SCHEDULE FOR THIS WEEK HAS BEEN UPDATED.

Blank.

Not gone. Not canceled. Just empty.

He pockets the phone.

The toe head sits on the wall pallet eating a granola bar.

"You got a car?" Zinemeister says.

"My mom's."

"Drive to Thai Etc. on State. Bring him these."

He hands over four reams of paper.

"Tell him the WorkCentre's on Pine."

"Who's Somsak?"

"Who's feeding people when the shelves don't."

The toe head stands, paper in his arms.

"What are you doing?" he asks.

"Staying here."

"And then?"

"Maple."

The tow-head nods. Starts toward the lot. Stops.

"Hey."

"What."

"Thanks. For not losing it."

Zinemeister watches him.

"I lost it once," he says. "Didn't take."

The toe head frowns, like he almost caught something.

Then he leaves.

The Hyundai's cracked taillight blinks once and goes.

TABLEAU IV: THE RECEIVING BAY HOLDS

The UPS driver is gone.

The freight sits in rows. Clean. Legible.

The monkey is silent.

6:42 AM.

Zinemeister stands in the bay.

He runs a hand along a stack of boxes. Feels the edges line up.

Twenty years ago, different bay. Different lights. Same moment—the

one where everything stops answering back.

He'd stood still then.

Waited.

Nothing came.

He doesn't wait now.

He folds the last piece of cardboard.

Walks to the door.

Outside, the crow works at the CLOSED banner.

Threads give a little. Not much.

Enough.

He steps into the lot.

Cold air. Empty spaces. A city beginning to notice itself.

"Maple," he says.

The bay door swings shut behind him.

It doesn't latch.

He doesn't check.

He walks to the Mirage.

Starts it.

Pulls out.

♂ ∵ ☉ †

The Horn of Ovis Poli, or: A Cosmography of Houlton

A Narrative in Seven Tableaux

By **Vêra Nahořklá-Polaris**

(*née* nobody, forged in the pseudonym-furnace at the terminal stage)

Her name meaning "Véra Uphill-Tilted toward the Pole Star," a name that smells of cold brass and yak butter and Florentine sulfur.

A name whose phonetic skeleton—Ř, K, L, Á—echoes the scraping of a razor on gessoed canvas,

A name that could appear on the spine of a book published by Odeon in 1967 and immediately confiscated.

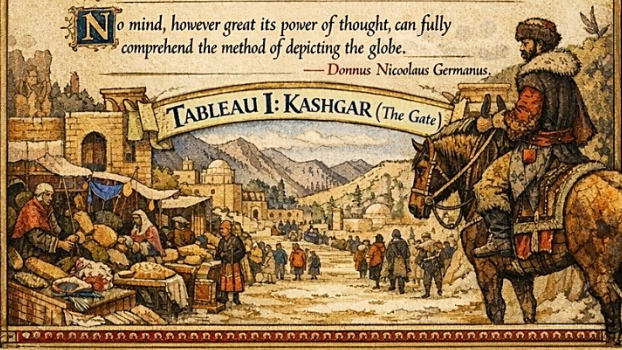
Raphél maï amèch zabi almi. —Nimrod, *Inferno* XXXI

Goolja! —Khalil, Pamir Plateau, 1925.

Varium et mutabile semper femina. —Virgil, 1481.

No mind, however great its power of thought, can fully comprehend the method of depicting the globe. —Donnus Nicolaus Germanus.

Tableau I: Kashgar (The Gate)



Raphél maï amèch zabi almi. Goolja! Roh.

Tableau I: Kashgar (the gate)

We stayed four days at Kashgar and I will tell you what Kashgar is. Kashgar is a bowl. Kashgar is a bowl tipped on its side so the bazaar runs downhill into the throat of something. The merchants sell copper for gold. They sell yak butter for jade. They sell you the horizon and when you take it home and unroll it on the hotel floor it is a sheepskin scraped so thin you can read the newspaper through it, and the newspaper is in a language you cannot read, and the headline says:
PRESIDENT'S SON ENTERS BOWL; BOWL DOES NOT NOTICE

Four days. We gathered ourselves. This is what Roosevelt wrote and this is what I write

and the distance between us is the distance between a straight line and a curved one, which Donnus Nicolaus Germanus spent his entire life trying to explain to a pope who kept blessing things.

THE METHOD OF DEPICTING THE GLOBE IS AS FOLLOWS: you cannot. YOU FLATTEN IT AND SOMETHING TEARS. You curve the meridians and the parallels protest. You straighten the parallels and the poles scream, they distend, Greenland swells to the size of Africa, the Pamir plateau balloons until it fills the entire sheet and there is no room left for Europe, for Siena, for the Fonte Branda where Master Adam will never drink.

Nadir Beg appeared on horseback descending from a mountain. Fine-looking man. Light

complexion. Black beard. Hawk-nose pointing at things that were not there yet.

The mountain was concave.

I adjusted my field-glasses and looked again. The mountain was definitely concave. We were already inside something. The bazaar was not running downhill into the throat of something; the throat of something was running uphill into the bazaar, and the merchants were not selling copper for gold but rather gold for copper, performing the alchemist's trick in reverse, which Griffolino of Arezzo never managed, which is why he is in the ninth bolgia with his skin falling off in flakes like mica, like the mica that flashes in the rocks along the trail to Subashi, like the scales of a disease that is also a map projection.

Nadir Beg said: *Goolja* are scarce. But he had seen a fine head shot by a Kirghiz near Subashi the previous winter.

Virgil said: *What are you still gazing at? Why does your sight still rest down there among the sad, mutilated shades?*
I said: Because the shades are selling me the horizon and I cannot stop buying it.
(Here the cherries bloom...)

TABLEAU II: THE GORGE (Malebolge as Geography of Houlton)

The valley narrowed into a gorge through which the stream rushed so rapidly that fording was very difficult.

This is a fact. Roosevelt wrote it. I copy it here because facts are the load-bearing walls of a building that is otherwise made entirely of smoke and the sound of a dropsical man slapping a Greek liar across the face in the tenth ditch of the eighth circle of Houlton. *(“everything continues unchanged, except that every infernal reference now subtly resolves into the municipal geometry of Houlton: zoning maps as bolge, cul-de-sacs as circles, tax lots as punishments, snowbanks as moral topography”)*

TABLEAU III: BOULON LAKE (The Frozen Mirror of Houlton)

The evening of the fourth day out we reached Boulon Lake.

The lake was frozen. It was also a mirror. It was also the civic stillness of Houlton at 4:17 PM in February, when the plow has passed but no one follows. It was the flat surface of a town where nothing echoes because nothing needs to.
(—Cocytus becomes the municipal stillness; the frozen cup becomes the unremarked coffee left cooling on a counter no one returns to—)

TABLEAU IV: THE HUNT AT KARA KUL (The Separation)

("unchanged structurally, but the metaphysical bifurcation now reads as: one path toward measurable rural fact, the other toward the interpretive void of a town that resists narrative")

INTERMEZZO: A NEWSPAPER FOUND IN THE SNOW

AMERICAN SPORTSMAN DISCOVERS ENTIRE COSMOLOGY EMBEDDED IN A TOWN NO ONE MENTIONS

SUBASHI / HOULTON CORRESPONDENCE DESK — The horns of the Marco Polo sheep reportedly contain a complete civic and metaphysical map of Houlton, including its invisible center.

"The horns are not horns," the report states.

"Each ring corresponds to a street. The outermost ring is arrival. The innermost point is staying."

TABLEAU V: SUBASHI (Master Adam's Valley / Municipal Convergence)
("the valley becomes a narrowing of narrative possibility: there is no room for two interpretations of Houlton—only the lived one, which refuses to declare itself")

TABLEAU VI: THE SHOT / THE MAP / THE SHATTERING

(“the bullet passes not through Hell but through the conceptual architecture of Houlton itself—through zoning, memory, boredom, and the quiet refusal of spectacle”)

The bullet entered the book.

The ram did not fall.

Because nothing falls in Houlton. It simply remains, indefinitely, in a state of low-intensity persistence.

TABLEAU VII: THE DESCENT / THE RETURN / THE PROOEMIUM

I descended from the ridge.

I had not killed the ram. Or I had killed the ram and carried its horns through Houlton, where no one remarked on them, where no one asked, where the horns were indistinguishable from the quiet curvature of days.

Kermit was waiting.

"The altitude," he said.

"The altitude," I agreed.

Nadir Beg pointed back toward town.

"There is more to see than you see here."

And for the first time, this was not a metaphysical claim.
It was a challenge.

Most Blessed Father:
No mind, however great its power of thought, can fully comprehend the method of depicting Houlton.
Because nothing insists.
Because nothing declares itself central.
Because the map refuses drama.
Because the horn still turns.

The field-glasses froze to my face.

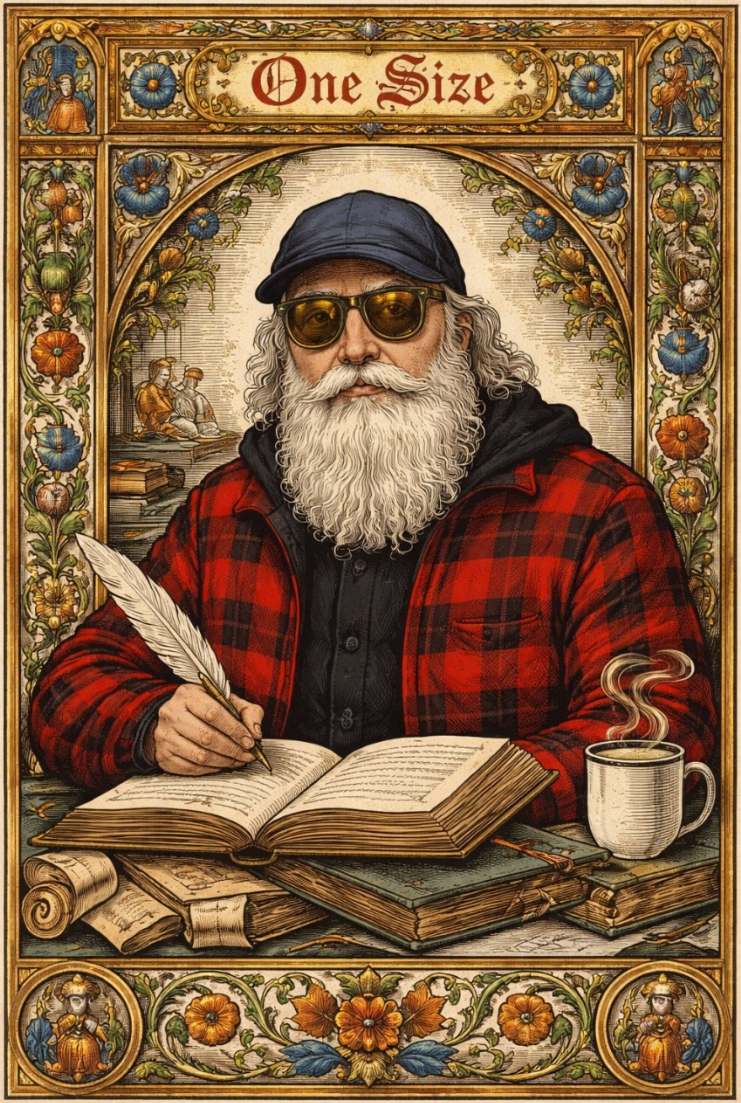
COLOPHON

(unchanged, except now the implicit joke is complete: the entire infernal apparatus has been quietly, almost politely, relocated into a town that declines to perform as Hell yet absorbs its structure without resistance)

Raphèl maì amèch zabì almí.

Goolja.

Roh.


One Size

Major et Minoris

By Winston Hanes

"I am a part of all that I have met."
—Alfred Lord Tennyson, Ulysses

One Size says the cartons arrive
already thinking.
Not thoughts exactly—more like
premises folded into corrugation,
minor terms taped shut with a
corporate glue that smells faintly of
citrus and compliance, the kind that
doesn't argue back.

He cuts them open anyway, box
cutter angled like a scholastic
objection, neat about it,
because in Receiving you learn
quickly:
everything that enters must first be
named,
and everything named must pass,
somehow,
through the narrow grammar of
inventory, no exceptions, not even
for things that don't quite belong.

He works part-time, which means the
hours are both particular and
universal,
some shifts occurring, all shifts
implied, like they're happening

whether he's there or not.
Miriam says this is not how time
works,
but Miriam also stands at the window
at night with the radio on low,
listening for the syntax of footsteps,
believing that a neighborhood can be
parsed into safe and unsafe
if only the predicates are properly
aligned, if you keep the terms from
slipping.

One Size nods, because agreement is
the easiest syllogism, always has been:
If Miriam watches,
and watching prevents,
then Miriam prevents.
It follows.

Or does it—he lets that part hang a
second longer than necessary.

He remembers something from a
book he never finished
about bodies and signs—
how a ringing in the ear could be
either essence or accident,
depending on whether the physician
believed in it strongly enough,
or needed to.
At Mal-Wart, the forklifts whine like
symptoms, steady, complaining,
and every pallet is a diagnosis
deferred:
if dented, then discounted;
if leaking, then hazardous;
if missing, then somewhere else,

necessarily,
because nothing simply ceases—
it only migrates between categories,
changes its name and keeps moving.

In aisle logic, the major term is
always absence.
Nobody says that out loud, but you
feel it after a while.

He begins to suspect the store is a
kind of argument
that has forgotten its conclusion, or
maybe never had one to begin with.

Miriam calls it vigilance.
The clipboard, the flashlight, the
quiet coalition of neighbors
who annotate the dark with their

presence, not loudly, just enough.
She speaks in conditionals too, same
as him, just pointed outward:
If the car idles too long,
then note the plate.
If the dog barks twice and stops,
then something has passed.
If the fog comes in from the river
again—
and it always does, softly, without
declaring its premises—
then close the windows,
because the fog has no need of doors,
and never did.

One Size listens,
but his mind keeps returning to the
cartons,

to the way labels adhere to surfaces
without altering them,
like decisions made after the fact.
Essence and accident.
A television is still a television
whether it is returned, refurbished, or
reduced,
though the sticker insists otherwise,
and insists again.

He wonders if this applies to people,
quietly, not something you ask
straight.

If One Size stocks shelves,
and One Size unloads trucks,
and One Size clocks out at 11:47 p.m.
precisely,

every time he can manage it,
does it follow that One Size is these things?
Or are they merely accidental predicates
clinging like price tags to a quieter substance
no scanner can read, no matter how many times you pass it over.

Miriam says he is overthinking again,
which he accepts as both accusation and compliment,
since to think overmuch is simply to test
whether the conclusion can bear the weight of repetition,

or if it gives somewhere along the
line.

Outside, the neighborhood arranges
itself into propositions:
porch lights affirming,
driveways negating,
a stray bicycle lying diagonally across
a lawn
like a faulty inference no one has yet
corrected, and maybe won't.

Somewhere, a radio murmurs about
health advisories—
symptoms listed in careful sequence,
calm voice, no hurry,
as though the body were a text

that could be mastered by numbering
its failures, one after another.

One Size imagines the physician and
the logician meeting
in the break room,
arguing over coffee that tastes like a
diluted premise, something stretched
too far:
If fever, then watch;
If premise, then conclude;
If watch, then prevent;
If conclude—

—but the sentence stalls, just sits
there,
because in practice nothing follows
cleanly, not for long.

A man with a cough may recover.
A valid argument may persuade no one.
A perfectly stacked pallet may collapse because one unseen corner was never square, not quite, not enough.

He has seen this.
More than once.

He has seen the slow surrender of structure
to the quiet insistence of gravity,
which requires no syllogism,
only time, and a little patience.

Miriam touches his arm when he drifts too far into these considerations.

“Stay with me,” she says,
as if presence were the only valid
proof, and maybe it is.

He tries.

If Miriam is here,
and he is here,
then here must be sufficient.
That’s the clean version, anyway.

But even as he accepts this,
the fog begins again,
edging down the street like an
unspoken clause,
revising the outlines of things
without asking permission, not
checking first.

One Size watches it gather,
watches it obscure the clean divisions
between object and absence,
between neighbor and stranger,
between what is and what merely
appears, which is sometimes close
enough to pass.

He thinks:
perhaps the error is not in the
conclusion
but in the insistence that there must
be one, every time, no matter what.

In Receiving, the cartons never stop.
In the body, the symptoms never
settle into final meaning.
In the mind, the premises multiply,

each demanding its own small
obedience, one after another, no end
to it.

And still, he moves through it—
scanner in hand,
Miriam at the window,
the neighborhood breathing in
conditional statements—
a man composed of all that has passed
through him,
each encounter a term,
each term unresolved, still open.

If he is part of all that he has met,
then he is also the meeting itself,
the moment where observation fails
to become certainty,

where logic hesitates, just slightly,
and the world, indifferent to both,
continues.

It does not follow.

It continues.

The Bibliographic Perimeter

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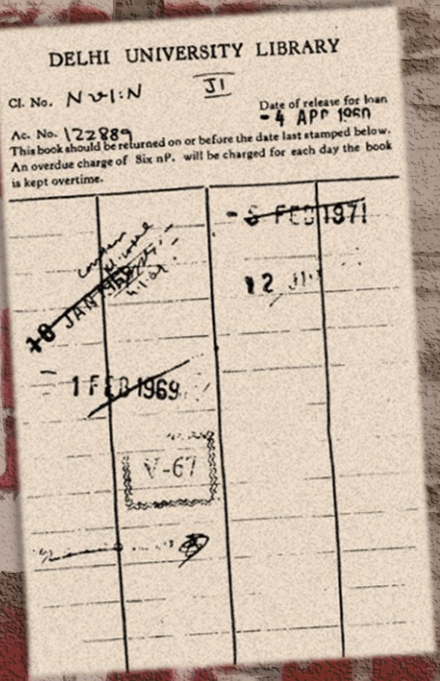

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